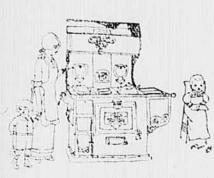
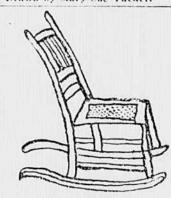




Drawn by Pocahontas Wight.



Drawn by Mary Sue Tucker.



Drawn by Irene Clay



Mother's Pef. Drawn by Ethel Wray.



Drawn by Will B. Doyle.



Drawn by Mabel Miles



Drawn by Clyde Tipton.

## HERE IS YOUR CONTEST.

My Dear Girls and Boys: I hate to take even the tiniest space off this beautiful contest; I will only tell you that it is a perfectly wonderful success, and we can never thank Vale-rie de Milhan enough for thinking of it. I waited till the very last minute of the day, August 23, so that the contributions sent in time might be published, and I only hope the page will hold them all. Now, each one of you take the page and read all of the stories and poems and puzzles, and look at the drawings and then write me hopestly. poems and puzzies, and look at the drawings and then write me, honestly, your opinion of which is the best. In that way we will decide on the prizewinner. It is your page and your contest, and the members will decide whose work is the best.

Your editor is going on her vacation for two weeks, so this is "good bye."

Your editor is going on her vacation for two weeks, so this is "good-bye" until them. I will award the prizes for the other Sundays, too, when I return from the mountains where I am going to spend my holiday. Take care of the page, children, until I come back.

YOUR EDITOR.

## MOTHERS OF GREAT MEN.

A mother has more influence over her children than any one else. It is she who is our first teacher, and from her we receive our first impressions. Some of our noblest patriots, some of our best scholars, and many of our most consecrated ministers owe to their mothers the good that they have ac-complished for the world. Abraham Lincoln said: "All that I am

or hope to be I owe to my mother."
What a noble woman she must have

Benjamin Franklin always referred to his mother in the terms of tenderest to als mother in the terms of tequerest affection. He frequently sent her gifts to comfort her as she grew old.

Henry Clay, beloved so much by his country, always spoke of his mother as a model of womanhood. Among his last words when he neared death were, "Mother, mother."

Mother, mother, mother.' Our great George Washington owes much of his success to his mother, for upon her fell the burden of rearing her

children alone, her husband having died when George was still very young. What an opportunity a mother has. want an opportunity a mother has. To her is given the privilege to direct young footsteps into the right or the wrong path, as her influence must be either for good or for bad. The best thing that can be said of any woman is that she is a good mother and her children will rise up to call her blassed. children will rise up to call her blessed.
(Original.) MARY HARDIN.

## MOTHER.

When the world'll a-no-longer know And the dark'ning shadows fall: When the unkind way wanders before

And hope comes not at all Then return home to mother,
The best friend a fellow ever had,
And tell her your trouble, For she'll help, and glad!

Tis when other friends would fast forget you
And surely send you on your way,
hat your mother wouldn't let you,

But beg you come and stay, or she's the friend you've needed, With the always open arms, and a heart full of kindness And a word that forever calms

And her beauty in truth, a sad array, and temporary friends but worth the

having.

And others kept while you may.

But for a strengthening hand and a helping voice And a love far unlike any other, Will the world ever see, nor a fondness

Alike that of your mother. (Original.) ALVIN HATTORF.

## MOTHERS ARE ALWAYS READY TO

So we see by this that car mothers are always ready to comfort and help us, and so ought we to do all we can

## DOROTHY S. BINGHAM. MOTHER'S CHOICE.

Mother had worn a careworn and worried expression for the last week. Papa Gray called the three small Grays to him and said. 'Children, mother has been feeling sick all week. Now to morrow is her birthday. The child that helps her most or pleases her most shall receive a nice present. Harry said. 'Oh. I needed't half try. I know I will get It.' Ellen said! 'Oh, no you wou't, smarty. I will myself.'

Monday morning dawned, bright and carly. Mr and Mrs. Gray were at the table when Harry and Ellen. 'here is a present for you. It cost 50 cents; but I just couldn't spend the other 50."

'Oh, mother.' said Harry, 'here's your present. It took all but \$1 of all the money I had. The old Jew made me pay is cents for it.'

Three-year-old Hohert came in and said. 'Muvver, I didn't hab no muny like Hawey and Ellen, but has a tiss fou an on fo papa, too.''

Papa gave Robert the prize. It was a small wugen, and lots of candy. It have a small wugen, and lots of candy. It have a small wugen, and lots of candy. It have a star was a small wugen, and lots of candy. It have a small wugen, and lots of candy. It have a star was a small wugen, and lots of candy. It have a small wugen, and lots of candy. It have a small wugen, and lots of candy. It have a star was a small wugen, and lots of candy. It have a small wugen, and lots of candy. It have a star was a small wugen, and lots of candy. It have a star was the happiest how in the cause he had a new wagen. (Original)

PAUL, G. SHETHERD.

MY MOTHER.

About my size.

Mother tucks us in our beds, Tells us our little prayers. And kisses us good-night. What would home be without her.

Mother is the dearest friend on earth to us, the dearest friend on earth. What would home be without her.

Mother is the sus almost here. Oh, what a good lunch Schooling is almost here.

Mother tucks us in our light what would home be without her.

Mother is the sweetest person on earth. Maria good to eat.

Mother town was in hear to be a sus what we and toles us what we and toles us what we are to be week

# MY MOTHER.

My mother is the sweetest thing. She is kind and such a durling mether. She has dark-brown hair and blue eyes. She does most of our sewing, but she does not have any time to make doll-baby dresses for us, for she has four little girlles to see to, and, too mother, and she soon has things right with them again.

If the children get hurt mother runs to them, takes them in her lap and to them, takes them in her lap and soon stops the pain. She says gentle words to them and soon they stop cryling and they are running around and laughing as joyful as ever. Mother can always stop her children's grief. She shows her love in many different ways, ye had either. I am nine years old, and have never gone to school except two months, and I got sick and had to come home, and then she was a trained nurse. Mothers are the best things in the world, and we must not sulk and fay cross words when our mothers rell us to do a thing that does not suit to them, takes them in their word she choin them, the same KATHLEEN BOLTON.



Drawn by Rose Seta.

# HOW I LEARNED TO APPRECIATE MY MOTHER.

For the world's lure is a hidden false-

Mother is a precious gift Sent from God; Makes home brighter, Friends dearer; And draws us nearer to heaven.

Mother tells us stories Of the olden times, When she was a little girl About my size.

MARY E. WARFIELD.

## MOTHER AND SON.

A mother is always willing to help and confort you, no matter how far active or how near she had sellow give a staying with my grand, mother in the little tillages of Cheshells and mother in the little tillages of Cheshell and mother was tell as a little while longer, so pand came up and took, me home, I was fine up and took me home about with a stay of the property of the fine till till the property of the fine till till the property of the fine till the property of the property of the fine till the property of the property of the fine till the property of the fine till the property of the property of the fine till the property of the property of the fine till the property of the property of the fine till the property of th

She sews so pretty, and she makes such beautiful little dresses for me. My friend's mother is sick, and my mother makes her pretty dresses, too. My mother raises such beautiful chick-She is learning me how to raise fine chickens, too. I have about twenty-five little ones.

MARGARET ELLEN POINDEXTER.

MOTHER.

Mother works for you, looks after you, loves you, forgives you anything you may do, understands you. Mother loves you better than anything on earth. Mother kisses you good-night, and comes in your room the first thing in the morning to see that you are well. When you are sick mother stays by your bedside till you are well. Mother is the best friend you have got.

(Original.)

RUTH SAMMONS.

## A MOTHER THOUGHT.

Mother loves flowers, birds and animals, but she loves me best of all.
WISTAR WALKS.

The way the properties of the

is in this instance, for there was never a more loving mother and more deveted

The mother sewed day after day for a support, and the boys were seen each day selling The Times-Dispatch. Each ight she was more proud of her dear little boys.

# SUSIE BOURDON.

## Mother.

Other folks can love you, but only your mother understands. She works for you, loves you, forgives you anything you may do, understands you; and then the only thing sad she ever does to you is to die and leave you.

WINKLE PETTY.

# 1915 AUGUST -月月1915日 OT DOM MOTHER'S CONTEST MAC. C.A.

Drawn by Wray Barker.

LITTLE MOTHERS. "Come right in, Mrs. Brown!" gentally invited young Mrs. Smith. "Why, you've brought all seven of your children!"

you've brought all seven of your children!"

"Y—Yes!" panted Mrs. Brown, as one child fell off the top of the seven she held in her arms.

"I have six little girls and two little boys," said Miss Smith. "I named all of mine after T. D. C. C. members."

"I didn't. I named mine after authors and actors."

By this time the two young ladies had settled themselves on the sofa. "Here are my children," announced the hostess. "This is Alvin Hattorf and this is Curtis Elder. Here's Dorothy Smith, the big pretty one; she is my best doll. Here's Susie Varro and Bertha Langley. This young lady doll is Harry Chadwick, and here's Willie and Rose Chadwick and Jean Doyle. Jeanie is little and doesn't do much, but I like the name."

"Yes, they're nice names," agreed

but I like the name."

"Yes, they're nice names," agreed Mrs. Brown. "Now, here's Jackie Warner and Graycie Scott. And here's Ralph Henry Barbour and Louisa May Alcott, Joel Chandler Harris, Frances Hodgson Burnett and Marion Harland. I've got a new one at home named Brent Witt."

After the "children" were introduced, the little mothers found it hard work to make all of them talk. At last Mrs. Smith gave up in despair.

"I'm going to pretend that every one of mine dropped dead except Dorothy."

"So am I," agreed Mrs. Brown. "and Louisa is the only one that's alive." Eagerly the young ladies began to

talk.
"I went to the store this morning with mamma," said Louisa.
"And I went out in an automobile yesterday," replied Dorothy, Louisa, outdone, changed the subject.
"I think I'm awful pretty."
"So do I," replied Dorothy; "but I'm prettier than you are!"
"You're not!"
"I am!"
Then a quarrel ensued between the mammas.

mammas. "Don't let her be so cross," implored Mrs. Smith. Yours is just as cross," retorted Mrs. Brown

"She's not!"

"She's just as cross, I say!"

"She's not!"

"She is so!"

Whereupon Mrs. Smith slapped Mrs.
Brown with: "Take that, you crosspatch!"

Then Mrs. To patch!"
Then Mrs. Brown, in a sea of tears
and temper, did likewise. Siaps were
distributed freely upon the hot faces.
Finally Mrs. Brown tore off her hat,

There, take your old mother's hat!" At that, with a torrent of hot words, Mrs. Smith planted a stinging blow on Mrs. Brown's cheek.

Mrs. Brown tugged at the pin holding up her skirt, improvised with a

"Take your old towel!"
"Let me alone!"
"Shant!"
"Shal!"

"Shant!"

"Shall!"

Whereupon Mrs. Brown gathered her children together and made a tearful exit. VALERIE MANNING de MILHAM. (Age, 10).

## MY MOTHER.

Say now, I want to know
If any one can guess
Who it is in all this world
That I am loving best.
The one who wakes me up at dawn
With the sweetest, softest kiss
And tucks me down at night so warm
For the land of dreamland's bliss.

And then when I am naughty.

Is patient as can be,
Or when I stump my little toes,
Quickly ties them up for me,
Patient, loving, kind and true,
With ever a sunny smile,
My friend is always ready, My lonely hours to beguile.

Now I'll tell you who it is—
The best of any other—
The one I love with all my heart,
And it's my darling mother.
She has the sweetest, dearest face,
With eyes so soft and blue,
And when she looks at me it seems
She knows the naught, things I a

There was once a happy family of a father and mother and two little boys. While the boys were quite young their father died and they had to work hard for a living, but sometimes poverty draw people more closely together, as in this instance, for there was never a more loving mother and more deveted. I go in peace."

rings around his eyes showed lack of sleep. Silently he walked over to the wrinkled forehead. She opened her eyes, filled with tenderness and love, and a radiant smile overspread her face: "My boy, my boy," she softly said. "I knew you'd come in time to see me before I left. Now all is well;

evoted I go in peace."

Saying this, she slowly sank back into the young man's arms. Her eyes closed, her arms relaxed. The bonds which held her to the stake of mortality had been severed by the mighty sword of death, and her soul was borne away to heaven. In years afterwards the gray-headed mother was comforted and taken care of by her sons, who were good business men and making a handsome livities. Sword of death, and her soul was borne away to heaven. The old servant tenderly crossed her arms, and after a last look at the sweet smile, which still rested upon her face, silently left still rested upon her face, silently left

the room.

The man sat by the bed far into the night; his face buried in his hands. He had lost the best friend mortal man ever has, one who loved him, cared for him, and who would have given

A mother is the best friend children have. She takes care of them when they can not take care of themselves. She watches over and teaches them to grow up and be good men and women. She loves them and sends them to school and makes many sacrifices for them. All mothers want their children to be smart and good. She will nurse them when they are sick, and sit up at night, and wait on them. I feel very sorry for children who haven't any mother. I have a dear, sweet mother, and I do not know what I would do without her. Every time I get a prize she is as glad as I am. ELSIE RUDD.

JUMBLED NAMES OF THINGS MOTH-ER DOES FOR ME.

Wess ofr em. Ocoks rof Em. Demns fro Em. Ehlps em. Rowries ofr em, besides lots of other things. Written by MARJORY McMANAWAY.

# A CHARADE.

My first is in Mat and not in rat.
My second is in oat and not in eat.
My third is in tan and not in can.
My fourth is in hat and not in cat.
My fifth is in end and not in and.
My sixth is in hen and not in pen.
Composed by
CORDIE LEE W. MONCURE,



Mother's Treasure Drawn by Rufus Henry Savage, Jr.



Drawn by Helen Simons





Drawn by Janie F. Venable



Mother's Pet Drawn by Margaret Wagener.





Brother Helping Mother Dry the Dishes, Drawn by Cecelia M. Sinclair.



Drawn by Albert Doyle.